

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Black Jesuz"

(feat. Val Young, Storm)

[2Pac (Kadafi):]

Searchin' for Black Jesus
Oh yeah, sportin' jewels and shit, yaknahmean?
You can be Christian
Straight tatted up
(Straight Jehovah witness)
No doubt
(Islamic)
No doubt man
(Me, I'm a thug; thugs, we praise Black Jesus, all day)
Young Kadafi in this bitch, set it off nigga.
What?

[Kadafi:]

I do my shootings on a knob, prayin' to God for my squad
Stuck in a nightmare, hopin' he might care
Though times is hard, up against all odds, I play my cards
Like I'm jailin', shots hittin' up my spot like midnight rains hailin'
Got me bailin' to stash more greenGods; they ain't tryin' to be trapped
On no block slangin' no rocks like bean pies
Brainstorm on the beginnin'
Wonder how shit like the Qu'ran and the Bible was written
What is religion?
God's words or a curse like crack?
Shai-tan's way of gettin' us back
Or just another one of my Black Jesus' traps

[Storm:]

Who's got the heart to stand beside me?
I feel my enemies creepin' up in silence
Dark prayer, scream violence - demons all around me
Can't even bend my knees just a lost cloud; Black Jesus
Give me a reason to survive, in this earthly hell
Cause I swear, they tryin' to break my well
I'm on the edge lookin' down at this volatile pit
Will it matter if I cease to exist? Black Jesus

[2Pac:]

All hail, the pressure no endeavor can fail
Submissive souls turn to hoes when exposed to jail
In times of war we need somebody raw, rally the troops
Like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through
Black Jesus
He's like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through
Black Jesus

[Young Noble:]

Outlawz we got our own race, culture, religion
Rebellin' against the system, commence to lynchin'

The President ain't even listenin' to the pain of the youth
We make music for eternity, forever the truth
Political prisoner, the two choices that they givin' us
Ride or die, for life they sentence us
Oh Black Jesus, please watch over my brother Shawn
Soon as the sky get bright, it's just another storm
Brothers gone, now labeled a statistic
Ain't no love for us ghetto kids, they call us nigglets
History repeats itself, nuttin new
In school I knew, e'rything I read wasn't true
Black Jesus

[2Pac:]

To this click I'm dedicated, criminal orientated
An Outlaw initiated, blazed and faded
Made for terror, major league niggas pray together
Bitches in they grave while my real niggas play together
We die clutchin' glasses, filled with liquor bombastic
Cremated, last wishes niggas smoke my ashes
High sigh why die wishin', hopin' for possibilities
I'll mob on, while they copy me sloppily
Cops patrol projects, hatin' the people livin' in them
I was born an inmate, waitin' to escape the prison
Went to church but don't understand it, they underhanded
God gave me these commandments, the world is scandalous
Blast 'til they holy high; baptize they evil minds
Wise, no longer blinded, watch me shine trick
Which one of y'all wanna feel the degrees?
Bitches freeze facin' Black Jesus

[2Pac:]

All hail, the pressure no endeavor can fail
Submissive souls turn to hoes when exposed to jail
In times of war we need somebody raw, rally the troops
Like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through
Black Jesus

[Kastro:]

Some say, some day, some how, some way, we gon' fail
And it ain't hard to tell, we dwell in hell
Trapped, black, scarred and barred
Searchin' for truth, where it's hard to find God
I play the Pied Piper, and to this Thug Life, I'm a lifer
Proceed, to turn up the speed, just for stripes
My Black Jesus, walk through this valley with me
Where we, so used to hard times and casualties
Indeed, it hurt me deep to have to sleep on the streets
And haven't eaten in weeks, so save a prayer for me
And all the young thugs, raised on drugs and guns
Blazed out and numb, slaves to this slums
This ain't livin'... Jesus

[Background overlapped singing:]

We believed in you
Everything you do
Just wanna let you know, how we feel

Black Jesus!
We believed in you
Everything you do
Just wanna let you know, how we feel
Black Jesus!
We believed in you
Everything you do
Just wanna let you know, how we feel
Black Jesus!

[Kastro:]
Searchin' for Black Jesus
It's hard, it's hard
We need help out here
So we searchin' for Black Jesus
It's like a Saint, that we pray to in the ghetto, to get us through
Somebody that understand our pain
You know maybe not too perfect, you know
Somebody that hurt like we hurt
Somebody that smoke like we smoke
Drink like we drink
That understand where we comin' from
That's who we pray to
We need help y'all

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.